

ALL IN COLOUR - MAKES LEARNING A JOY

Once Upon a Time

EVERY WEDNESDAY
PRICE 1/6 • 7·50 n.p.

No. 77 • 1st August 1970



|| The SECRET of the TROLLS ||



1. Mark, the servant of Lady Ulfstan, was a very brave young man and he was mounted on a very fearless horse—but both of them trembled a little as they drew nearer and nearer to the great rock known as the Magle Stone. Beneath it, so it was said, lived a strange race of little people called Trolls.

2. "Because her ladyship is so kind and gentle I will do as she asks and find out about these Trolls," murmured Mark to himself. "She believes that they have a secret connection with her bad-tempered daughter." When he came closer a cloud of smoke billowed up from the base of the mighty Magle Stone.



3. Then with a crash the huge boulder swung slowly up into the air, supported by four huge golden pillars. Getting down from his horse, Mark peered into the huge cave below and saw a vast hall filled with a swarm of Trolls. They were having a feast of some kind and were shouting as they ate and drank.



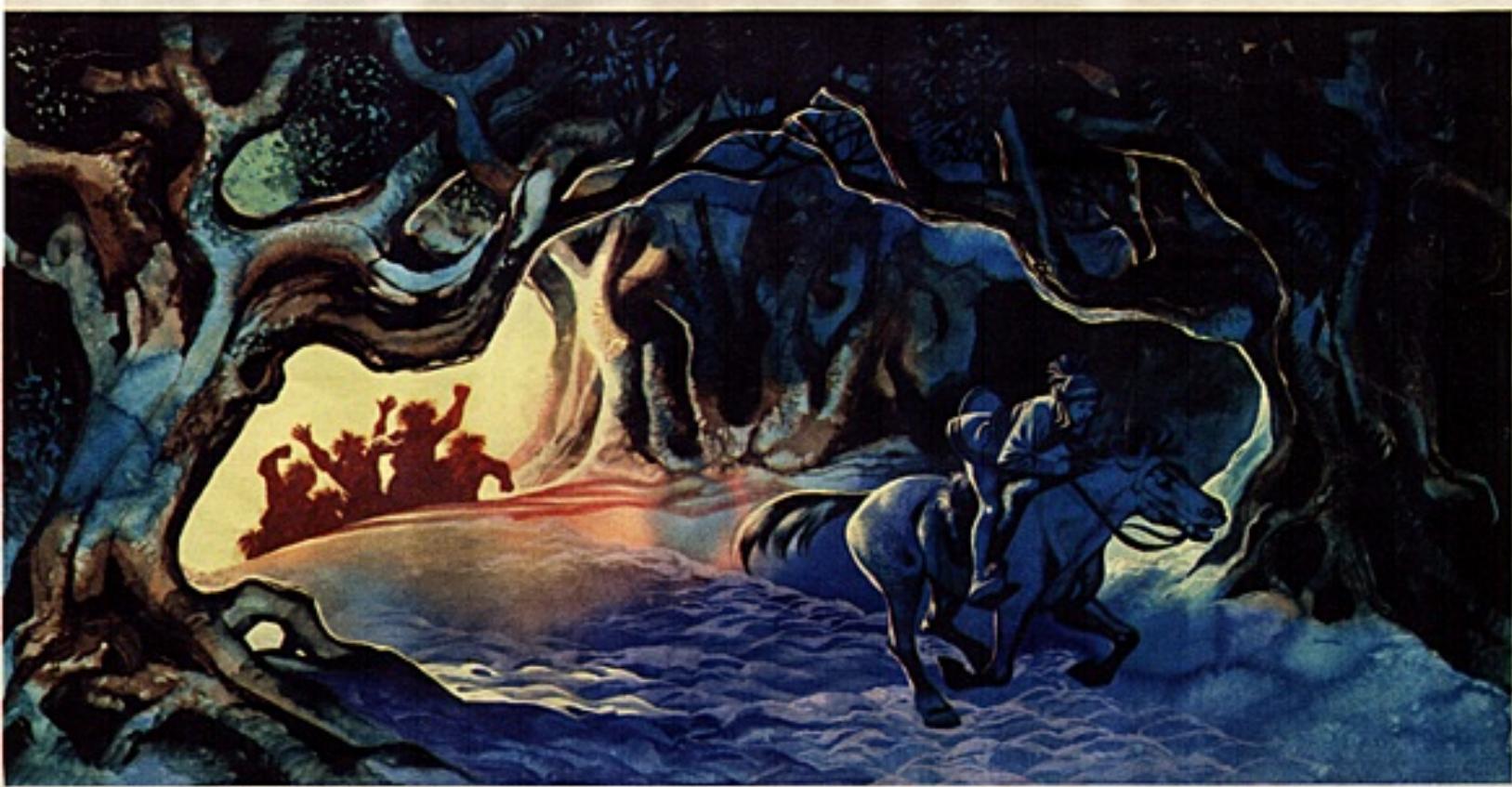
4. Some of them caught sight of their uninvited visitor and pointed at him. They made signs to Mark that he should join them and, a little nervously, he did so. The Trolls crowded round him as a pretty young girl came up to Mark, bearing a costly cushion, on which lay a drinking-horn and a music pipe.



5. Then the Troll King spoke in a deep voice which silenced all the chatter and noise. "Keep quiet while our young guest drinks a toast to our health and then blows three times upon the pipe," he shouted. Mark was just about to do this when he noticed the young girl making secret warning signs to him.



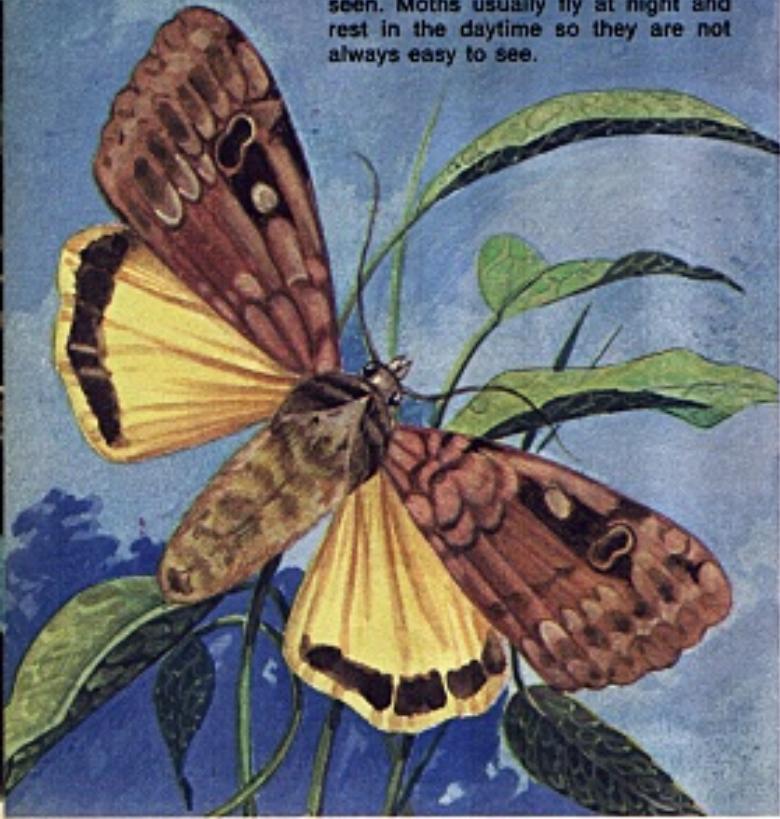
6. She put her finger to her lips and shook her head and it seemed to Mark that it would be dangerous if he did what the Troll King asked. He turned suddenly and made a dash for the entrance hole beneath the Magle Stone. "Stop him!" the Troll King shouted, but Mark was swift to reach his horse.



7. Leaping into the saddle, Mark set off at a full gallop towards Lady Ulfstan's castle. Behind him came the Trolls, shouting for him to stop and waving their fists. "Faster, good horse—faster!" panted Mark. "If they catch me, I tremble to think what might happen, for they are wicked."

8. The one thing Mark was anxious to do was to reach the castle and tell Lady Ulfstan exactly what had happened under the Magle Stone. "She would be very interested in the pretty young girl who warned me," he thought. "Somehow she was different from the others. What can be her secret?"

1. From June to September the Yellow Underwing Moth can often be seen. Moths usually fly at night and rest in the daytime so they are not always easy to see.



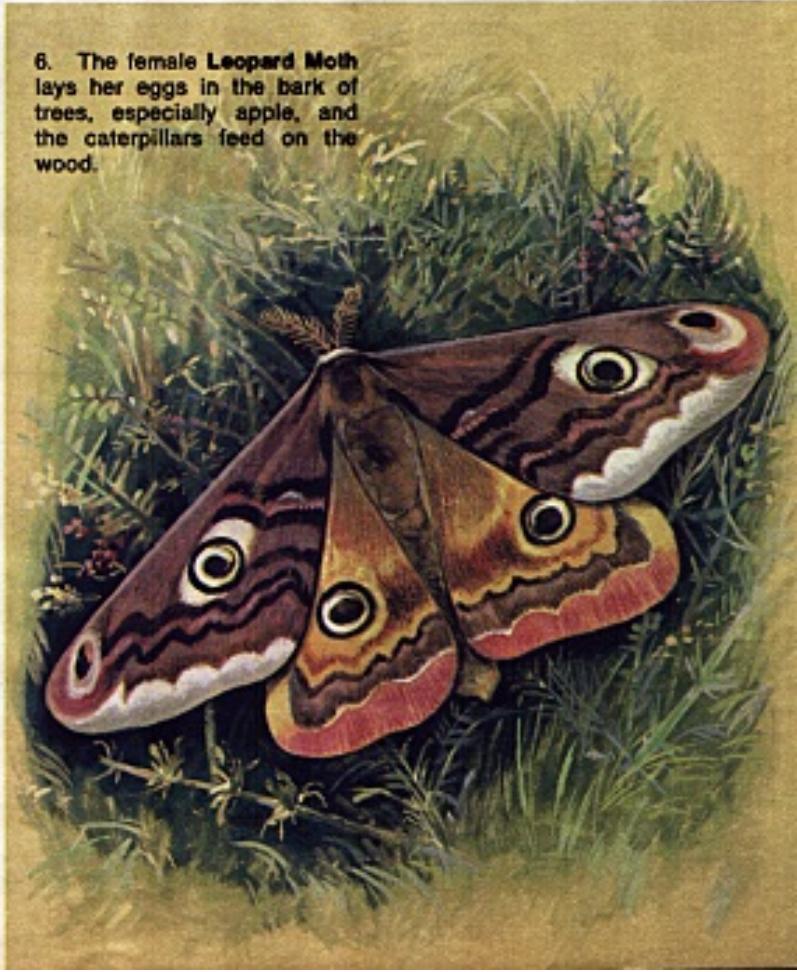
2. The Crimson Speckled Moth is not often seen in Britain, because the caterpillars like plenty of sunshine and Britain is too cold. The moth sometimes appears in Summer.



5. The Large Emerald is a big moth, which may measure more than two inches across. Its wings are a lovely green which blend well with green leaves when it is resting.



6. The female Leopard Moth lays her eggs in the bark of trees, especially apple, and the caterpillars feed on the wood.

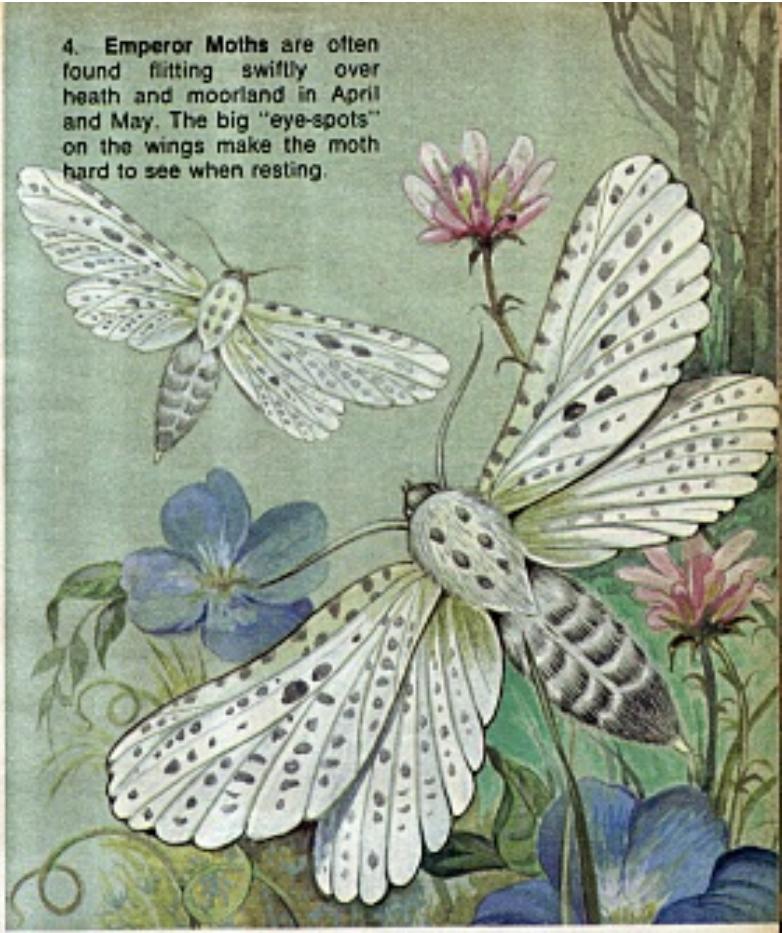


All Sorts

3. It is easy to recognise the Six-Spot Burnet by the six spots on its upper wings. Unlike most moths, it flies in the day and rests at night. It is often found on thistles.

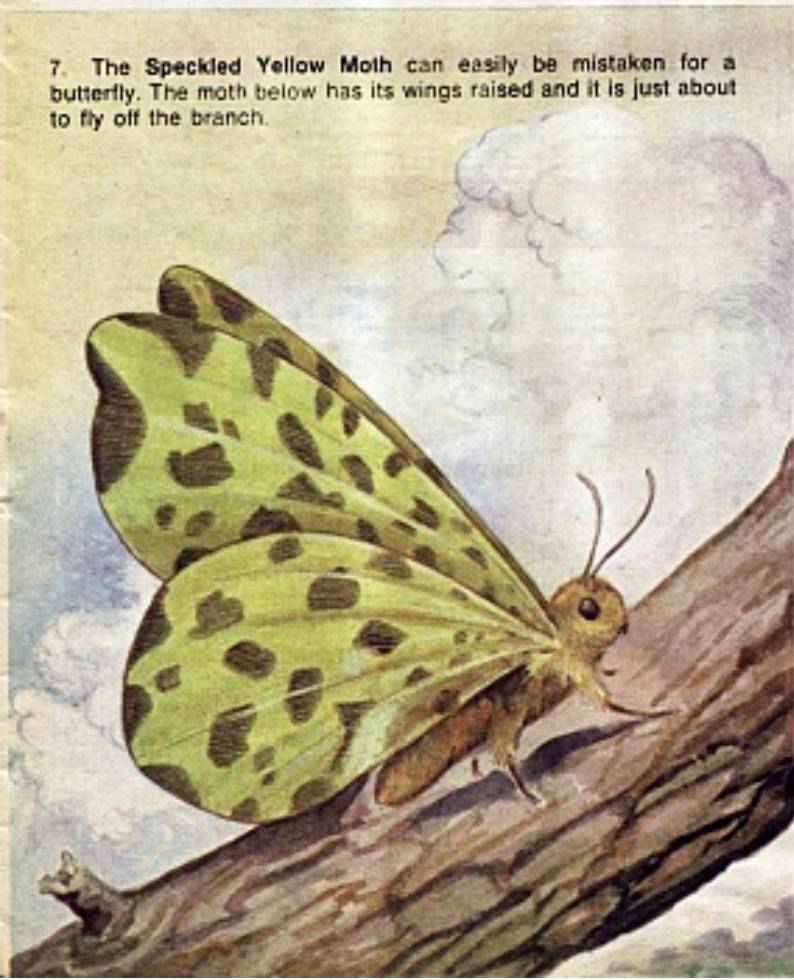


4. Emperor Moths are often found flitting swiftly over heath and moorland in April and May. The big "eye-spots" on the wings make the moth hard to see when resting.

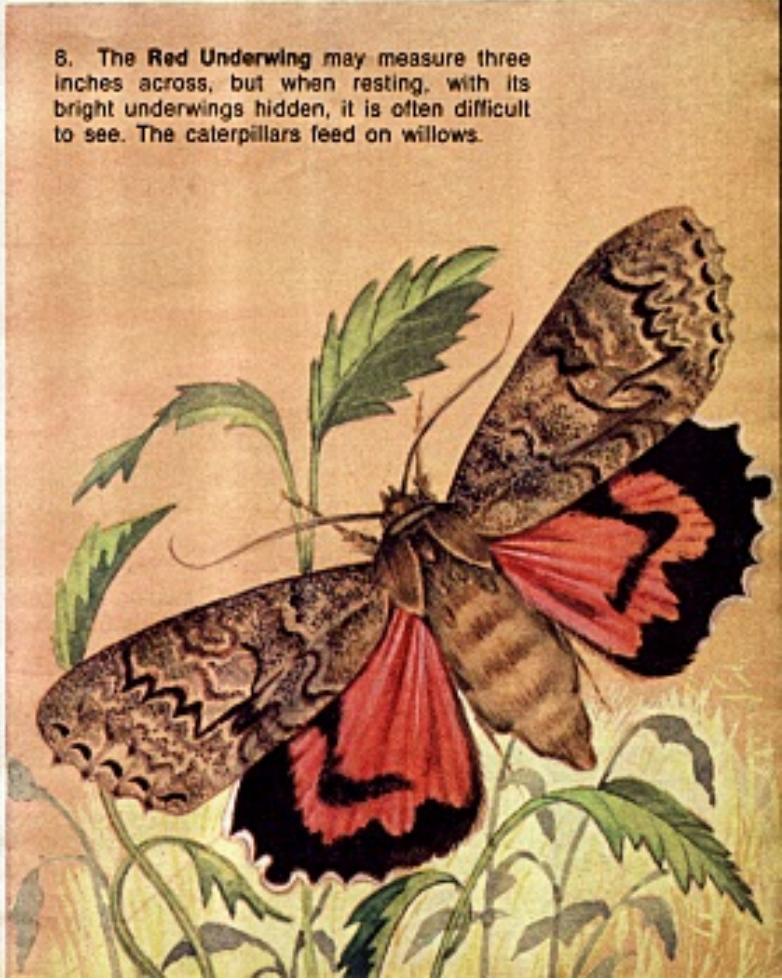


of Moths

7. The Speckled Yellow Moth can easily be mistaken for a butterfly. The moth below has its wings raised and it is just about to fly off the branch.



8. The Red Underwing may measure three inches across, but when resting, with its bright underwings hidden, it is often difficult to see. The caterpillars feed on willows.





BRER RABBIT

Brer Rabbit and the ice-pond

ONE cold Winter's day, Brer Rabbit set off for a walk across the fields. He had his thick woollen scarf wrapped around his neck so that he shouldn't catch cold and then off he went, lickety-split, down the lane and across the meadow, humming a merry little tune.

Now, he hadn't gone very far when who should he see but Sister Cow. Being a friendly kind of person, Brer Rabbit stopped to pass the time of day. "Good day Sister Cow," he called, cheerfully.

Sister Cow turned her head and stared at Brer Rabbit. "Good?" she replied.

"What's good about it, that's what I'd like to know?"

"Well, it's cold, but it's not snowing or hailing or raining," said Brer Rabbit. "So what's bad about it, Sister Cow?"

Sister Cow just stared mournfully at Brer Rabbit. "It's all right for some," she grunted. "But it's a poor kind of day for cows, that's what it is."

"Well, tell me what the trouble is," said Brer Rabbit in his most helpful way. "And you never know, I might be able to do something about it."

"It's this pond," sighed Sister Cow. "Just look at it. It's covered with thick ice.

I can't break the ice, So I can't have a drink and if I don't have a drink soon, I'm sure I shall die of thirst."

Brer Rabbit scratched his head thoughtfully. Then he stepped cautiously on to the ice. It didn't crack, so he put his whole weight on it. Then he began to slide across it. It was lovely and slippery and Brer Rabbit began to enjoy himself enormously, but it didn't help Sister Cow at all.

"You try standing on the pond," suggested Brer Rabbit. "You're heavier than I am and you might manage to break the ice more easily."

"I've thought of that, too," mooed Sister Cow. "I've tried as hard as I can but I can't break it." And she put a hoof on the pond to show Brer Rabbit.

"Well, we'll just have to think of another way," said Brer Rabbit, who quite enjoyed solving problems.

As Brer Rabbit was sitting there, thinking and thinking about Sister Cow's problem, who should he see coming along the lane in the distance but Brer Bear. As Brer Rabbit watched him coming nearer, his eyes suddenly began to twinkle. Then a wicked kind of grin spread right over that rabbit's face, from ear to ear.

"Well, well, it's Brer Bear. Now he might be the very animal we need," chuckled Brer Rabbit to himself. "I'm sure Brer Bear wouldn't mind doing a good turn for a poor, unhappy animal like Sister Cow."

Now Brer Bear had been trying to catch Brer Rabbit, because of one or two little tricks which Brer Rabbit had played on him in the past. Brer Bear had sworn to get his revenge on Brer Rabbit and he had given that rabbit one or two nasty moments, so Brer Rabbit decided he would help Sister Cow and pay Brer Bear back at the same time.

Brer Rabbit told Sister Cow to stay where she was. "I'm going to get help," he said.

Then off he went, across the meadow

singing to himself as if he hadn't a care in the world. Of course, Brer Bear saw him coming, just as Brer Rabbit had meant that he should and he decided this was his chance to catch Brer Rabbit and pay him back for all his tricks.

Brer Bear hid himself behind the hedge and waited until Brer Rabbit got near. Then, with a roar, he bounded out from among the bushes. "You're not getting away this time, Brer Rabbit," he cried.

Brer Rabbit pretended to be scared out of his wits. He laid his ears back and off he went, scampering across the meadow, as fast as he could. "Oh, no, don't catch me, Brer Bear," he pleaded as he ran. "Please let me go, Brer Bear."

Brer Rabbit, he ran as fast as his legs would carry him and Brer Bear pounded along behind, just as fast as his legs would carry him, and Brer Bear, he hardly bothered to look where he was going. He didn't notice that Brer Rabbit was leading him straight to the pond, beside which Sister Cow was standing, until Brer Rabbit was on it, running across the ice. Then it was too late for Brer Bear to stop. He went hurtling on to the ice as well. He was heavier than Brer Rabbit and instead of being able to run straight across, Brer Bear's great weight broke the ice. With a great crack, it shattered, and a great hole appeared. Right down into it went Brer Bear and he came up spluttering

and choking, not liking his icy bath one bit.

Sister Cow was happy, of course, because she had a good long drink, but when Brer Bear had pulled himself out and gone dripping off home, the things he said about that artful Brer Rabbit would have made your ears curl.

More chuckles with Brer Rabbit in next week's Once Upon A Time.

HERE'S SOME HAPPY NEWS!



Once Upon A Time's own Playtime Special issue is now on sale.

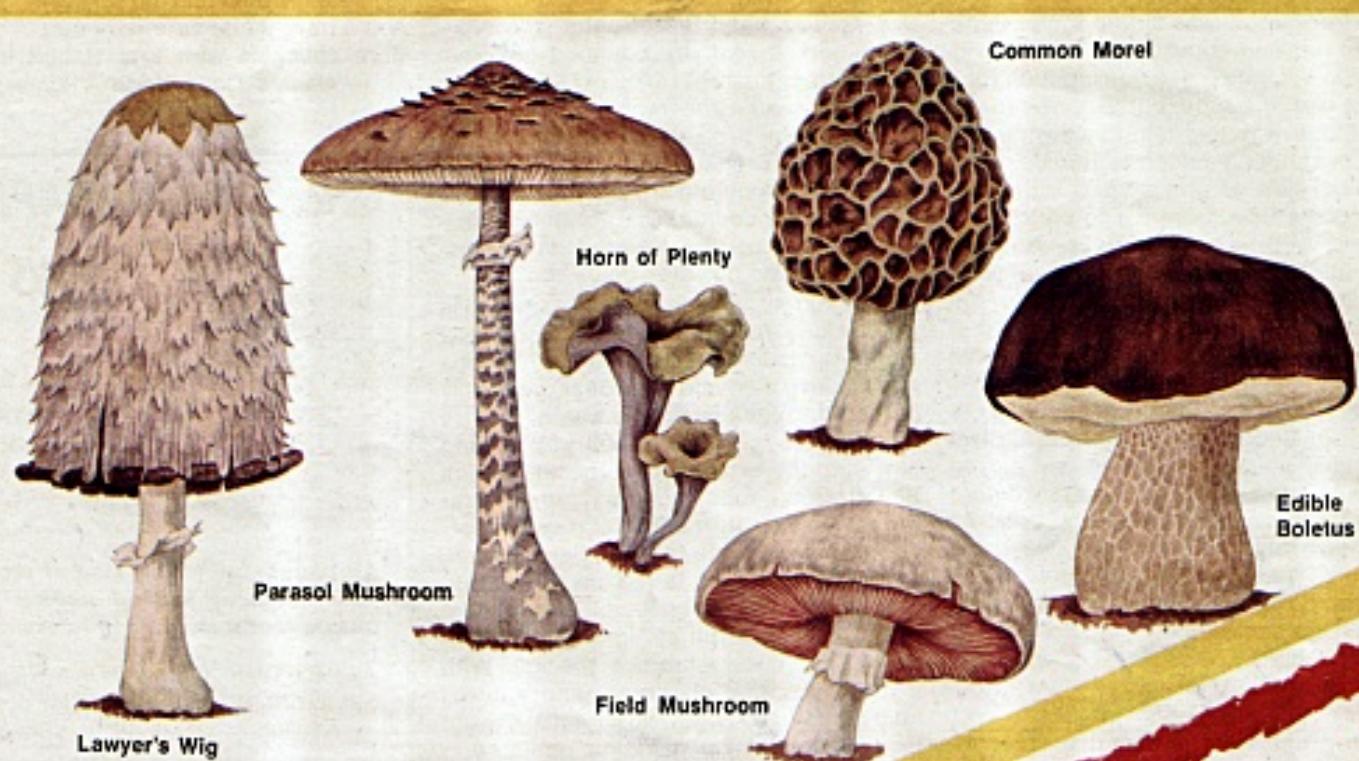
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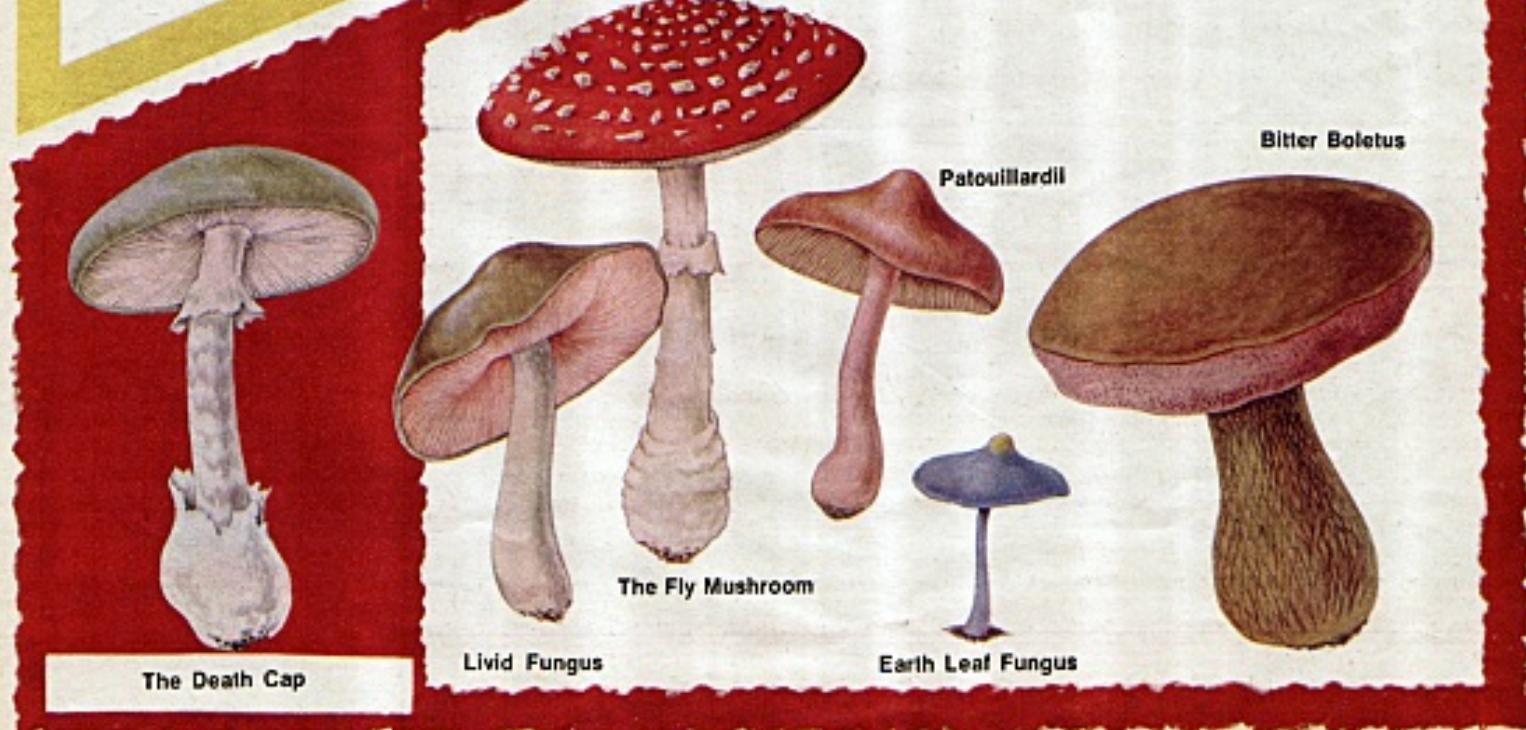


Strange plants called Fungi



There are many different kinds of plants. The ones shown on this page are called Fungi, and can be found in many places, especially in woods and meadows.

The fungi shown above are edible, which means they can be eaten. But the fungi shown below are poisonous and must NEVER be picked and eaten.





This is a Memory Test. Read it carefully and then turn to page 16 and see if you can answer the questions about it.

ONE of the most famous plays written by William Shakespeare was "Romeo and Juliet", the story of two young people whose families, the Montagues, to which Romeo belonged, and the Capulets, to which Juliet belonged, had quarrelled bitterly.

The two families lived in the old Italian city of Verona, and whenever a Montague and a Capulet met, there was trouble, and there was often a fight in which one or both were killed or wounded.

One night there was a masked ball at the Capulet's great house and Romeo, his face hidden by his mask, mingled with the guests. There he met Juliet, the Capulets' young daughter, and fell in love with her. Juliet re-

turned his love and promised to marry him in secret.

Next day, the two made their way to the cell of a good old priest, Friar Laurence. The Friar married them, hoping that in this way the feud between the two families would be ended, but as Romeo left the Friar's cell, he met Juliet's cousin, Tybalt, and killed him in a duel.

The ruler of Verona, Prince Escalus, tired of the fighting between Montagues and Capulets, banished Romeo from Verona.

Soon afterwards, Juliet's parents told her she was to marry a rich young Count. In despair, Juliet asked Friar Laurence to help and the kindly old Friar gave her a sleeping potion.

Juliet was in such a deep sleep that everyone thought she was dead and she was buried in the Capulets' vault. Romeo's servant, seeing this, rushed off to tell him and Romeo returned secretly to Verona, climbed down into the vault and, drinking a deadly poison which he had brought, sank lifeless by her side. Just then, Juliet awoke and, finding Romeo dead beside her, she took his dagger and plunged it into her heart.

Soon after, the two bodies were discovered and Montague and Capulet were sent for. The two old men heard the whole tragic story from Friar Laurence and, ashamed now of their foolish quarrel, they at last made their peace.

Romeo and Juliet



FAYALA

the beautiful witch

FAYALA the Witch was young and beautiful, but rather sellish. Because Prince Anton had refused to marry her, she had worked a spell which took the colours out of everything in the Kingdom. It became a drab and dull place to live in—everybody was miserable, including Fayala. She soon felt ashamed at what she had done, but even with the help of other witches the spell could not be broken.

Even the two Court Magicians found it impossible. They consulted their oldest books on magic and, one after another, they tried the most difficult spells they knew, but still the reds and blues and greens refused to come back to the Kingdom.

"We must keep trying," said the Chief Magician. "We may not succeed, but I am sure of ONE thing we can do."

"What is that?" asked the other eagerly.

"We can declare that Fayala will no longer be a witch!" was the reply. "From this day forward she will be an ordinary mortal and all her special powers of magic will be taken away from her."

Meanwhile, back at the Palace the Queen was weeping over her roses, which had once been red, over her best silk dress that had once been green, and the new Palace curtains which had once been purple.

"I am sorry, mother, that it is partly my fault," Prince Anton told her. "If only I had not answered that girl so sharply when she asked me to marry her this would never have happened."

Just then there was a flash of light which lit up the whole sky and slowly, one by one, the colours began to creep back into the land.

"Oh, my roses!" cried the Queen, as the petals turned from grey to red.

"And my royal robe is now purple again," said the King happily.

"Look at the green fields and trees and the distant hills and the blue sky," said Prince Anton.

He rushed out into the garden to enjoy to the full all the lovely colours of Nature. He had not been there long when he heard someone sobbing bitterly on the other side of the garden wall.

It was Fayala, heart-broken.

Rather sternly the Prince asked her why she was crying, and she told him how sorry she was for what she had done and that she was no longer a witch with powers of magic.

Prince Anton was touched by her true unhappiness. He told her that he forgave her—and the result of it all was that he fell in love with Fayala after all. And in a short while they were married.

And do you know what Fayala wore to her wedding? Why, little red slippers, a green gown and a blue cloak.



The Bad-tempered Oak Tree



1. Once upon a time in a wood, there was a large oak tree. Among its thick, gnarled roots, fairies had built their tiny little houses. They were pretty little houses with neat gardens and fences. The only trouble was that the oak tree was very bad-tempered and he decided that the fairies disturbed him.



2. Very early one morning, while the fairies were still asleep, the bad-tempered tree shook himself very hard. Down tumbled lots of hard acorns. They fell on the fairies' houses, making holes in the roofs, toppling the chimneys and breaking down the fences and gates. The oak tree felt quite pleased.



3. However, the fairies were very sad when they saw the damage. They stood there under the big oak tree, feeling very miserable and not knowing what to do. All the other trees in the wood had fairies or little animals living in them. Then Fairy Bluebell flew off, to find a new home for them all.



4. The youngest fairy was Fairy Snowdrop and she decided it was time someone taught the horrid old tree a lesson. Away she flew to a forest glade, where there lived a family of toadstools, who were her friends. There were a large number of toadstools and they listened as Fairy Snowdrop told her story.



5. Snowdrop suggested that now the fairies had had to move, the toadstools might like to go and make their homes on the old tree instead. "Perhaps we will," said Grandfather Toadstool. "I'm rather tired of living out in the open." That night he led his family right up the trunk of the grumpy old oak tree.



6. When Fairy Bluebell returned at dawn the next day, she was amazed to find the whole family of toadstools, who had settled themselves all over the bark of the oak tree. "How annoyed the oak tree will be when he wakes up and sees them," said Fairy Bluebell to herself, and she was right, too.



7. The oak tree was furious. The toadstools were clustered all over his bark and no matter how hard he wriggled and shook, he could not make them fall off. Fairy Bluebell took pity on the tree at last and said she would try to get rid of the toadstools.



8. Fairy Bluebell made the tree promise that if the toadstools went, he would let the fairies live in peace among his roots and he agreed, so the toadstools moved to the bottom of the tree and they and the fairies lived happily together ever after.

Beautiful Paintings

This beautiful painting is called "The Little Milkmaid". It was painted by Michael Martin Drolling and can be seen in an art gallery in Strasbourg. The girl in the picture is selling milk so that is why she is called a milkmaid. In olden times, there were no milk bottles, so milk was kept in a large jug with a lid. If you wanted a pint of milk, a young

girl, such as the one shown above, would measure a pint of milk using a ladle, and pour it into your own jug or cup. This milkmaid is also selling fruit and vegetables. She has made a table on which to put them, simply by placing a piece of wood on top of a barrel. Why not cut this picture out and add it to your collection? It is worth keeping.

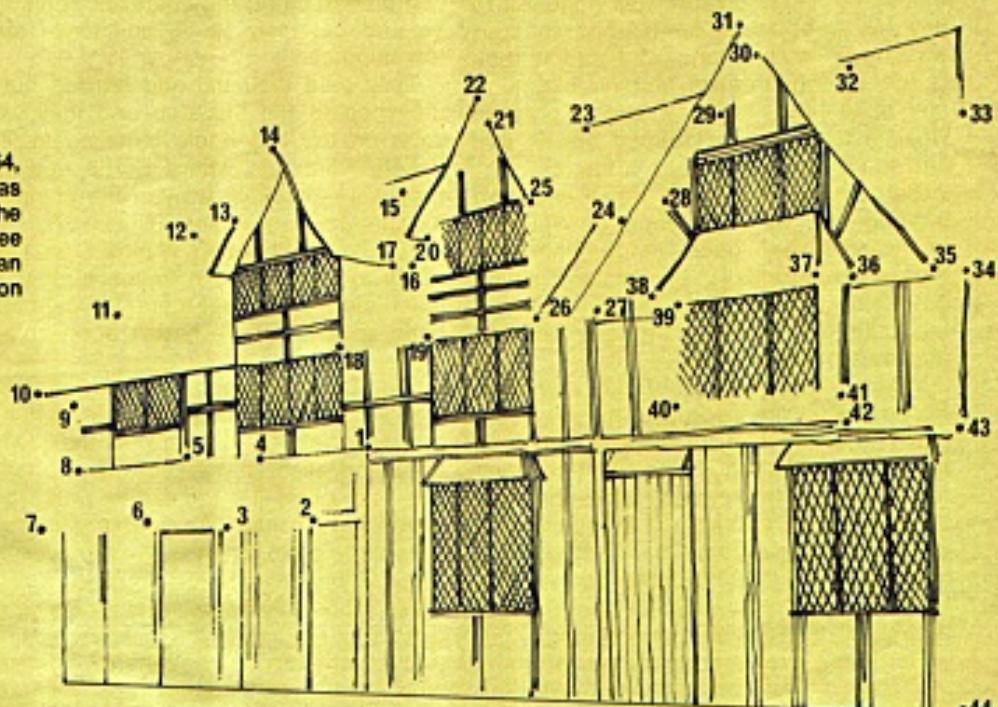


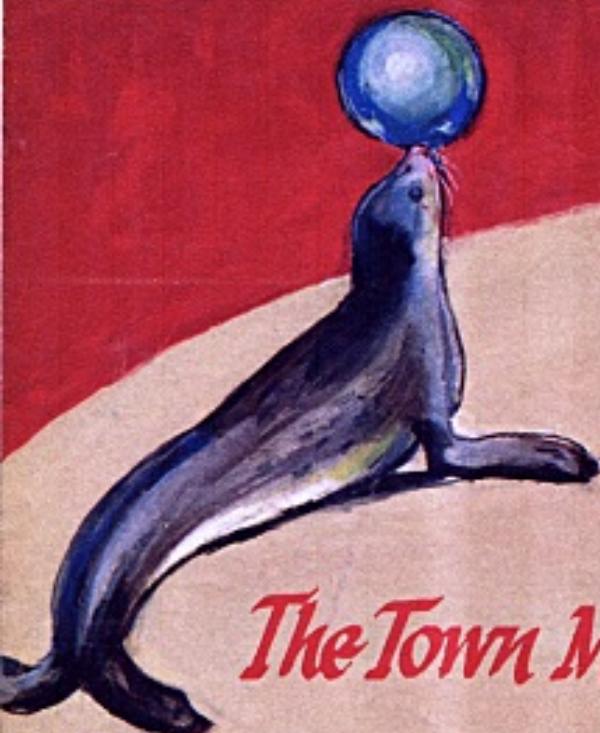


William Shakespeare

In the little town of Stratford-on-Avon, on April 23, 1564, William Shakespeare, England's greatest writer, was born. He was the author of many plays and poems. The people of London loved his plays and would go to see them being performed at the Globe Theatre. You can read about one of his plays in the Memory Test on page 9.

With the money earned from selling plays, Shakespeare was able to afford a fine house in Stratford-on-Avon. To draw his house, join the dots from 1 to 44. This house is still standing today.





The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse

This week . . . a trip to the Circus

ONE day, Bertie happened to be doing some shopping in the town, when a big poster caught his eye. He stopped and stared at it.

"Oooh," said Bertie to himself. He was staring at a picture of a most daring-looking mouse, swinging on a trapeze and doing all kinds of dangerous stunts. It was a poster announcing that a circus was visiting the town.

"What luck," said Bertie aloud to himself. "It's on Winifred's birthday. Why don't I take her to the circus as a treat? She'd love that."

Bertie went off to find the booking office and when he got there he dug around in his trouser pockets and pulled out all the money he could find. He had just enough money for two tickets, so he bought them and tucked them away in his jacket pocket. The tickets had taken every bit of money he had and there was none left to pay his fare home, so he had to start walking. It was a long way and it took Bertie a long time. In fact he began to feel quite tired, so he was very pleased when a farm tractor stopped beside him and the driver offered him a lift.

Bertie was Winifred's boy-friend and although he was very fond of Winifred, he wasn't very good at remembering things like birthdays, so as soon as he got home he put a big red ring around the date of Winifred's birthday, just so that he wouldn't forget.

When Winifred's birthday arrived, Bertie got all dressed up in his very best suit and made himself look as smart as he could, and then off he went to Winifred's house. "Come on, Winnie," he said. "Get your coat and hat on. I'm taking you out for a surprise treat."

"A surprise treat?" squeaked Winifred happily. "Ooh, how nice, Bertie. You are thoughtful. Fancy you remembering."

Bertie felt even more pleased with himself, for it was obvious that Winifred

thought he had forgotten all about her birthday. "What a lovely surprise she'll get, when I tell her about the circus," he chuckled to himself.

Winifred put on her best hat and coat and they caught the bus into town. Bertie took Winifred to a little café he knew, where they had a lovely tea and lots of cakes. When they had finished, Bertie said, "Now, guess where we're going," and he put his hand in his pocket for the tickets. To his horror, there were no tickets there. He tried all his pockets, but without any success—and then he remembered. The tickets were in the inside pocket of his old working jacket.

"Oh, Winnie, the tickets I got for the circus—they're in the pocket of my old jacket," said Bertie, miserably. "Whatever shall we do?"

"Come on," said Winifred. "There's just time to catch the bus back home and go and get them. It doesn't leave for a few minutes."

They paid their bill and hurried out of the shop to the bus-stop and they were soon on the bus back home again. The tickets were just where Bertie had said they were—tucked away in the pocket of his old working jacket.

"Oh, good," sighed Winifred, who was really looking forward to the circus. "At least you haven't lost them. It would have been so awful if we hadn't been able to go."

But Bertie didn't look any happier. "We've got the tickets, Winnie, but how are we going to get back to the town?" he asked miserably. "There isn't another bus for hours, it's too far to walk and I haven't got a car, like your posh cousin Stephanie's boy-friend. We'll never get there in time for the circus, so it doesn't make much difference whether we've got tickets or not."

Winifred looked thoughtful. Then she said, "Well, you may not have a car, but

you've got a bicycle. What's to stop us going on that?"

Bertie began to cheer up. "I suppose you could sit on the crossbar while I pedal and we'd soon get to town," said Bertie. They rushed out to the shed and got out Bertie's bicycle. Winifred sat on a little seat at the back and Bertie pedalled away as hard as he could and they reached the town in no time. Bertie didn't stop pedalling until they reached the circus tent—and they were just in time to take their seats before the circus started.

Winifred thought it was the most exciting birthday she had ever had. Bertie bought her a packet of crisps and she sat and munched them happily, as she watched the acrobats and the mice on the flying trapeze, but best of all she liked the pretty little mouse who walked very cleverly across the tight-rope. She wore a lovely dress and she didn't seem to mind at all at being so high above the ground.

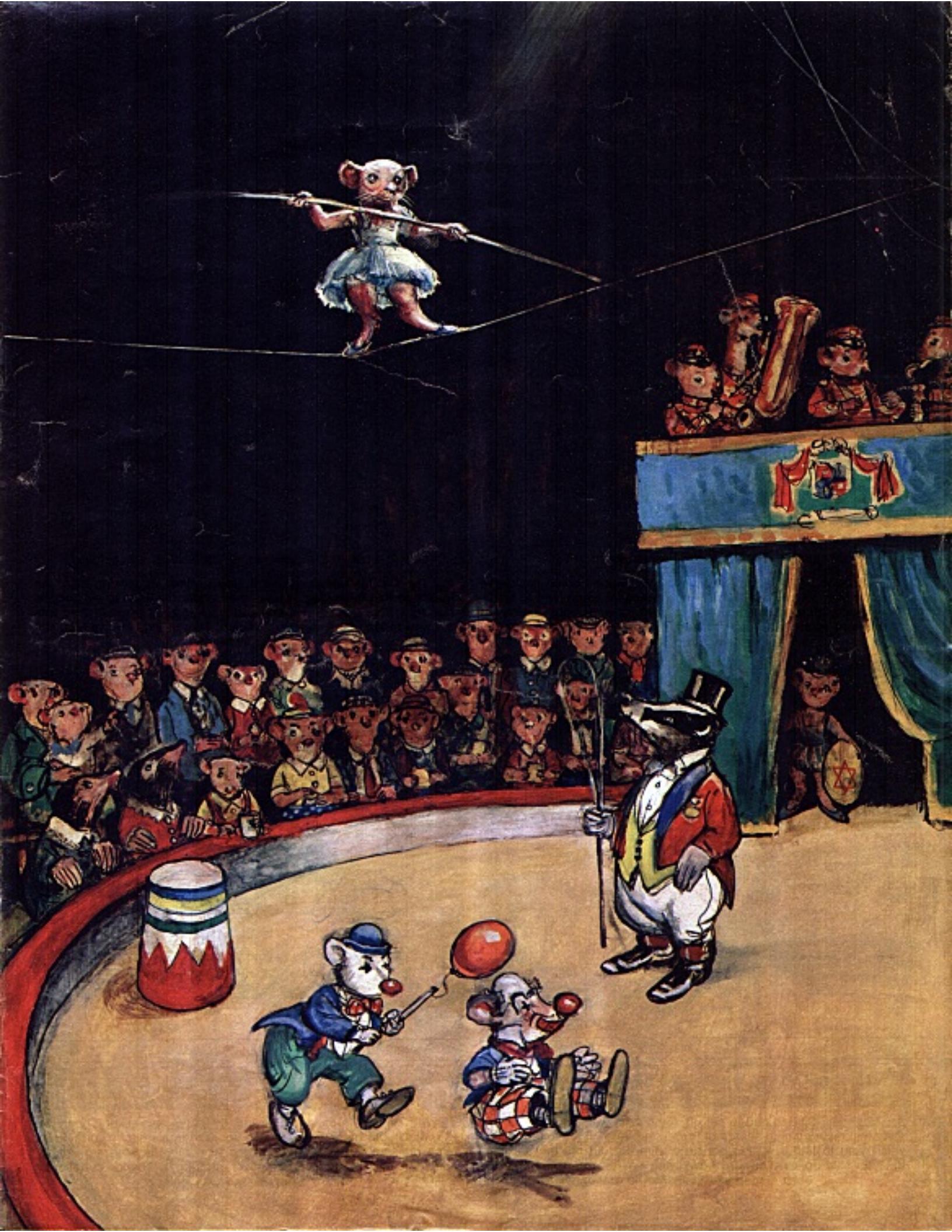
Bertie liked the clowns best, though. They did the silliest things and made him laugh until his sides ached.

When the circus was over, they got back on to Bertie's bicycle and pedalled home, much more slowly this time, because they were not in such a hurry. "I think this is the nicest birthday I've ever had, even if you did forget the tickets, Bertie," laughed Winifred.

More adventures with the merry mice next week.

Here are the Memory Test questions from the story "Romeo and Juliet" on page 9. How many can you answer?

1. What was the name of Juliet's family?
2. What was the name of Romeo's family?
3. In which city did they live?



Sinbad the Sailor



1. Although he tried with all his strength, Sinbad could not shake the Old Man off his back. "Is this my reward for being kind to him?" he gasped, clawing at the skinny legs which were tight around his throat and made him dizzy for want of breath. "Am I to carry him around like a slave?"



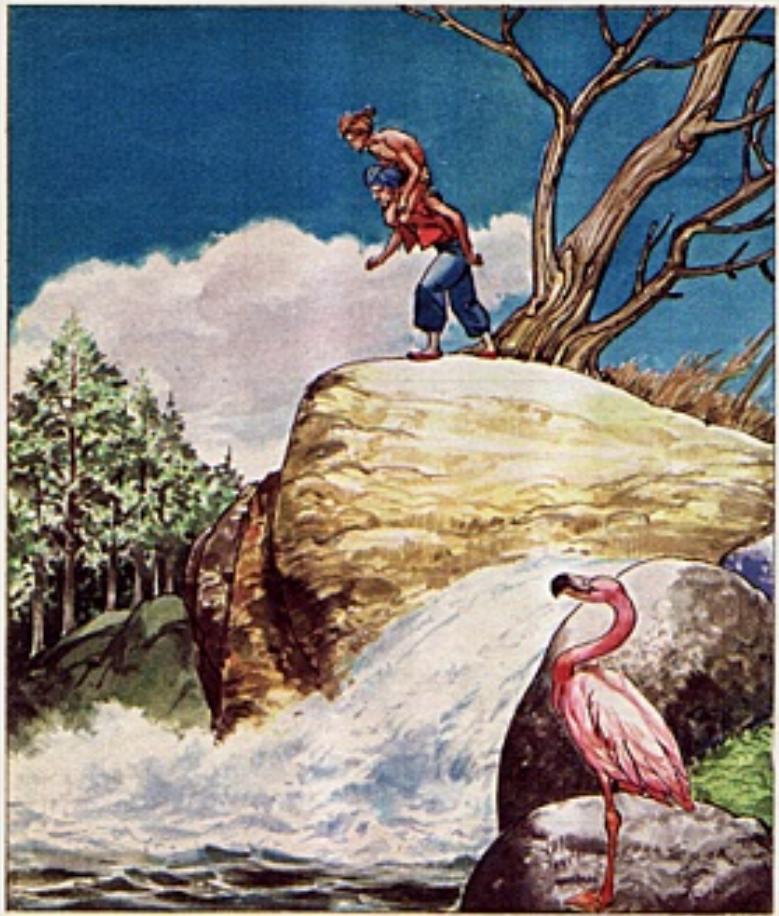
2. The Old Man never spoke a single word. By making signs he indicated that he wished to be carried under the trees to pick off the ripe fruit. This went on all day, and even at night when Sinbad was allowed to lean back against a rock to take a rest, the Old Man still clung tightly to him.



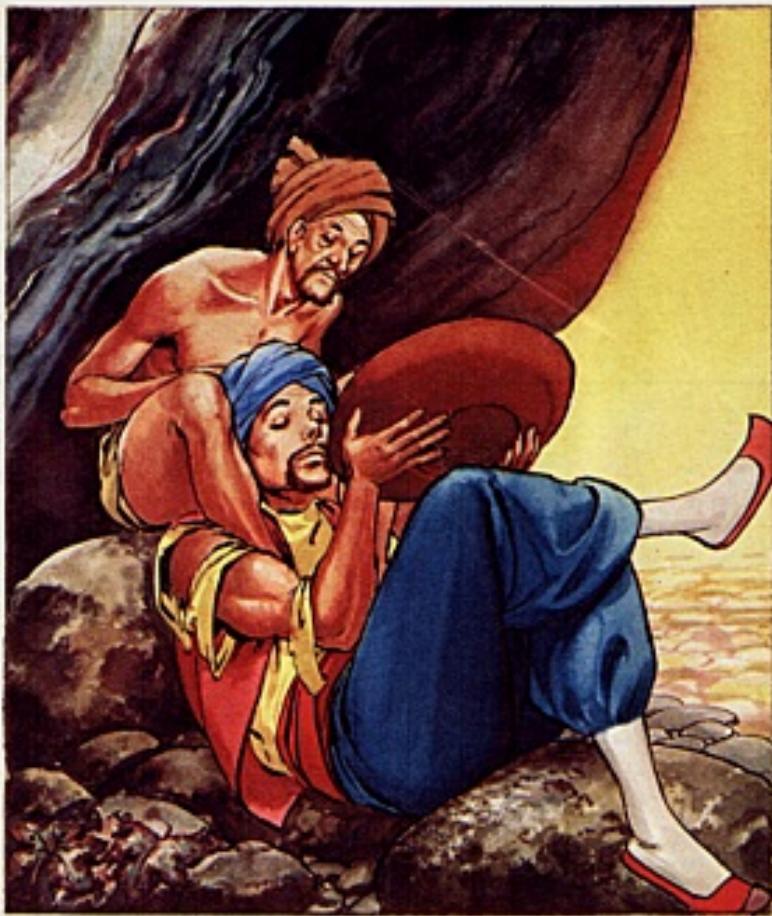
3. Next day, Sinbad had to set off again on a walk with the horrid Old Man, taking him in search of fruit to eat. And all the time Sinbad was trying to find a way to get rid of him. He did not get an idea until he saw an earthenware bowl lying on the ground near to a bush loaded with juicy purple grapes.



4. With an idea forming in his mind, Sinbad picked several bunches of grapes, and these he started to squeeze in his hands so that the juice ran into the bowl. And all the time the Old Man sat on his shoulders, watching him but never uttering a sound, curious to know what Sinbad was doing.



5. Leaving the bowlful of grape-juice in the sun, Sinbad then continued his task of carrying the Old Man around the island. His shoulders ached with the weight upon his back, but he staggered wearily on. For four whole days Sinbad stumbled along the pathways prodded and kicked by the man on his back.



6. At last the moment came when Sinbad felt that his plan was ready to be put into action. He went to the place where he had left the bowl of grape-juice. As he expected, the juice had fermented in the warm sunshine and had turned into wine. With the Old Man watching, he lifted it to his lips and drank deeply.



7. "That was really delicious," Sinbad said aloud. "It has made a different man of me. I feel as light as air and ready to skip and dance." And even though the Old Man was still on his shoulders, Sinbad went prancing around in a very gay manner, singing at the top of his voice and laughing happily.



8. As he hoped, the Old Man began to notice that Sinbad at once became more cheerful and nimble with every mouthful he drank from the bowl. And this, of course, made the Old Man so curious that he reached out for the bowl of wine. "If he would only drink it then I think I'd be free," said Sinbad.

Will Sinbad's plan work? More of this delightful story for you next week.

The WISE OLD OWL

Knows all the answers



The Wise Old Owl is here to answer some interesting questions for you



1. What is a hurdle race?

"It is a race which includes running and jumping over hurdles. A hurdler must be able to sprint fast and spring high into the air. There are three main hurdle races, the 120 yards High, the 220 yards Low and the 440 yards Intermediate."



2. What are Magellanic Clouds?

"Two clouds of stars can be seen in the Southern sky, which look like faint patches of light and are made up of millions of stars. They are named after the explorer Magellan who first saw them."



3. What is the Spectre of the Brocken?

"This can be observed by a person whose shadow is cast on a moist surface, such as a cloud, a patch of fog, or dewy grass. Around the shadow are several luminous rings, white at the edges."



4. Where is Cheddar Gorge?

"This deep ravine, formed in the limestone hills of Somerset in England, is visited by crowds of sight-seers every day, because it contains caves many thousands of years old."



5. Is a bobsleigh the same as a toboggan?

"A bobsleigh is a kind of toboggan, but it has brakes and some kind of steering device. It may carry several riders. Bob-racing has been included in the Olympic Winter Games."